





row and pride in the handsome features, yet the nervousness of the moment, while the triumph of pride was unmistakable.

"Della," he said, turning gravely toward her, his face growing cold, and almost imperceptibly, "I have lost my only brother—Lord Henry Warren. This letter brings the news. Also, that my presence is immediately required in England."

"I am sorry for you," said Della, softly, "very sorry."

"He was a good brother, and yet I knew but little about him. He was sixteen when I was born—much too young to notice me—and married at twenty. So he has seemed almost a stranger to me. But I am sure my parents are in great trouble; they do not tell me."

"And you must really hurry off to England," said Della, her voice unsteady, as she came closer to his side.

"Yes, my love. Do you not see that this loss makes a great difference in my position? You are aware that, as my father's heir to the title and estates, I am no longer plain Charles Warren."

"I had not thought of that," she murmured, somewhat sadly. "Then you are Lord Charles Warren now?"

"Men will do as they please," he replied. "But to you, Della, I am to be, still, only Charles. And Della, he drew her toward him. "I am going to ask a very great favor of you. It is that you let me call you by the sweet name of wife, before I go. I have important reasons for making such a request, as if your good father consented, you will not say yes."

"To leave my father? to go to England?" she murmured.

"Nay, dearest, you need not go yet, if you do not wish. I will not ask so much of you, but I am anxious to say to my parents, 'I have married one every way worthy of your love, and you must prepare to receive her with open arms. They may have formed some other plans for me, but when they know I am married, of course they will have nothing further to say.'

He had placed his arm around her, and now drew her closer to him, knowing that two flaming eyes shot stealthy glances from their covert, watching that deadly hush, as he prepared for him something very different from a bride's couch.

Her head lay on his shoulder, and her silence seemed assent. Maria's frame quivered from head to foot as she saw the man he hated bend toward her lips and imprint a kiss upon them. Her arose slowly as she went from the room, glancing after them like a tiger, and with a stealthy motion followed, saw them walk forth into the pleasant moonlight, then stole to his chamber, from which he crept a few moments afterward with a guilty step, and a face blanched of all its color.

#### CHAPTER IX.

At Della and the (now) young Lord Warren walked up the glowing avenue, a figure moved warily, concealed by the shade, following them, intent upon a terrible deed. The two approached the mango grove, and there, charmed by the beauty of the night, they paused, looking up to the shining tops of the distant palm trees. The man crept forward, and she heard him whispering to himself.

"I was very happy there," replied Della, with some emotion in her voice.

"And you shall be very happy there again, if in night I can contribute to that happiness," was his response. "My mother, Lady Warren, belongs to the old school of aristocracy, but she loves innocence and beauty better than the gaudy forms of etiquette, and I am sure her heart will be won by you as to an own child. You will be pleased with our home—an English man's castle, spacious, and with some pretensions to elegance in its architecture, though by no means so imposing as your father's mansion. Ah! dearest, how little I thought when I first came here, and to while away my time instructed your father's secretary, poor Manuel, the Dane—that I should find so lovely a companion to walk hand-in-hand with me through life. Why did you start so violently, Della? and you look pale—what is the matter?"

"I thought I heard a footstep," said Della, somewhat startled. "And oh, Charles," she said hurriedly, "there is something on my mind which I must tell you. I would have told you before, but I feared you would laugh at me."

She paused, trembled a little, but her companion reassured her.

"It is I, it is I, I am subject to your family, on my mother's side. I have earnestly, and not without reason, a supernatural kind. There, I have told you, and the burden is off my mind."

"Well, dearest, he replied, laughing, "as that is all. Perhaps I can match your confession for last night, waking at a singular hour. I fancied I saw an unearthly figure standing near my door, and a hollow voice said 'beware.' Now, I was very anxious, after I had shaken myself, to believe the whole thing was but the effect of a too vivid dream, but if it will reassure you any more to your spiritual company, I am willing to call it a spectral visitation. Indeed, the voice sounded as clear and distinct as mine does at this moment, only it had a slightly sepulchral tone."

"Oh! Charles, you frighten me!" cried Della, quite terrified. "What if, through looking my fate with yours, I bring you under the same fearful ban? For would I would not! Have you told me all this to reassure me? It is very foolish and childish of me, I suppose, but it has just the contrary effect. Indeed, I feel as if this very walk were haunted," and she gasped around her with a pale face.

"Be good friends, then, my Della, while you are here. Shall I tell you that I am skeptical upon these subjects? I do not believe the spiritual world has ever yet been made visible to mortal eyes, and I am quite certain."

A hoarse sound issued apparently from the trunk of the large tree that stood in the avenue. It seemed to Della's excited fancy something supernatural.

"Let us hurry from here," she exclaimed, in low, excited tones, and hastening forward a few steps. "Quickly, quickly, my heart is faint with apprehension."

At that moment Lieutenant Warren sprang forward. Della caught his hand, she saw by the moonlight the pallor of his face. "What is it? what has happened?" she cried in extreme terror.

"I believe I am—stung," faltered the young man, his countenance changing.

"Stung? Where? When? How did your hand feel? What do you mean, dear Charles?"

Her white cheek was pressed against his shoulder.

"I have no power to—support you—no. To lift my hand—I am stung—in my neck—some spider—or—scorpion—I am faint—if I had wine—a little wine! Don't be frightened, Della, be guided."

"It is nothing—only my strength is gone—sleep—sleep—deep sleep—"

and whispering, his voice and strength exhausted, his words growing to inarticulate murmurs, he fell gradually back, sinking down insensibly against the trunk of the tree.

Della stood for one moment, as if changed into stone, then, with a succession of quick, sharp cries, she flung her arms wildly over her head, and flew along the path toward the house, calling in the most agonized, imploring tones for help.

No answer had she disappeared than some one emerged from the shadow of the mango grove, approached the dead man, stooped cautiously, apparently removed something from the side of his throat with a wild, hurried motion—uttered a few harsh, vindictive words, and gliding noiselessly toward the house, entered it unperceived, just as the servants, incredulous, gazed for the mango avenue.

Mr. St. Leger stood over Della, who had fallen in a fainting fit, and Rose and Ryan were endeavoring to restore her to consciousness. By all those unobserved, Manuel crept stealthily up the stairs, gaining his own chamber, where, never again to appear, he lay down, unconscious of the awful pangs of remorse, he threw himself upon a couch, his whole soul in arms, his whole frame for the time convulsed with mortal terror.

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would exchange it for the shelter of the Hall even if another storm were coming."

"Butter this even if a thunderbolt were to strike it. And I am so grateful to you, Dr. Barton."

"I rejoice that I have had an opportunity to serve you, madam; you who have so heroically served your country at such peril to yourself."

"You understand my action then?" she asked, tremblingly.

"I had guessed your object before I witnessed the scene, madam; you who have so heroically served your country at such peril to yourself."

"And you—yes," she faltered, "do not look upon me as dishonoring myself in this."

"Madam," he interrupted in a deep, eloquent tone. "Not a word—not a gesture of character. Without you, Sir, we would have fallen. I know it. Sir, your power to achieve such a result was simple. But his attention was directed to the discussion of a whole train of unfavorable circumstances followed. It is, you know, who have saved your father from surrender—turned back the tide of invasion—disastrous the well planned of B. Leger—done such noble service as to deserve the eternal gratitude of your country."

He spoke in a slow, fervent tone that well expressed his sense of her heroism.

"I trust that I have in a measure aided in preventing the triumph of St. Leger. Though now I have no more to do with him, I have this thing, which is the only thing that I have left to do."

"You would have been justified even then."

"Alas! the part would then have appeared ignominious. But I wanted him as it was—he would not see the danger."

"A pause then ensued, and necessarily, for almost perfect silence of the elements would be sought by hostile ears."

After a time there was a stir of wind, and under cover of the sound, Mrs. Livingston started to her feet, and it was that she was unable to be present at such an opportune moment to assist her.

"It seemed the will of Providence," he replied, "that I should have an opportunity to deliver you. I chanced to overhear, as I passed from the bedside of a sick officer, a favor of St. Leger, and who, I thought, was the only one who could be trusted to be present at such an opportune moment to assist her."

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ing the greetings of the others, was able to give some information respecting many of the prisoners, concerning individuals of whom distressed inquiries were made by their friends who had been at the fort during the siege. He stated that Peter Goot and Jack Clavers had in all probability accompanied the retreating army voluntarily, thinking that Mrs. Livingston was still a prisoner, and hoping to aid her. Dyke Kinnell, also, was doubtless with them. When the three ascertained—as they at last would—that the lady was not with the army of St. Leger, they would return, and no apprehensions need be felt for their safety. The surgeon had held some slight communication with the first-named scouts relative to the matter of rescuing Mrs. Livingston, but it had been impossible to proceed further, and he therefore had acted, as we know, without their cooperation.

A few of the prisoners, who, during the confusion of the retreat, had escaped, came struggling in, even while the party were at the gates of the fort. These were some of the exulting officers, who, in whose fate the reader is perhaps still somewhat interested, to ascertain what befell her we must go back to a period preceding the retreat of the enemy.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CONCERNING CATHERINE GOOT.

"Out of this quick snow, every one of us! Up, up, up, and tramp for Montreal! Strive, strive, and make no fuss about it, or we'll let the redskins loose on ye!"

These were some of the exulting officers, who, in whose fate the reader is perhaps still somewhat interested, to ascertain what befell her we must go back to a period preceding the retreat of the enemy.

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fectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, indigestion, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all ailments of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

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New York.











points in his favor. He wasn't ornamental, certainly—a square, heavy-built fellow, with a big lumpy forehead, and a long hooked nose, and a hard mouth half covered with thick mustache and beard; but he had a strange, out-of-the-way, picturesque style of talking that was rather attractive; and with all he had seen, and all he had read, he was worth listening to.







## Answers to Correspondents

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